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SKETCHES OF EMIGRANT LIFE:—I. THE VOYAGE.

AUSTRALIA.

I.—ITS GENERAL FEATURES AND RESOURCES.

PERSONS of mature age can well remember the time when Australia, the "great south land," was invested with no pleasing associations, and would

have been regarded as the last spot on the surface of the globe to be voluntarily selected as a home. Thought recoiled from it as a vast natural jail, expressly adapted by its position at the antipodes, as well as by irreclaimable sterility and physical

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incongruities, to receive the outcasts of society, whose crimes demanded their separation from the orderly part of the human race, and justified exile to a desolate region. The lapse of a few years has wrought a wonderful change in popular sentiment. It has been found that the once penal country is admirably fitted for the nurture of great nations, being provided with resources for the sustenance of millions in comfort. A population of free immigrants has rapidly poured in, to occupy rich grasslands and fertile grain-soil, transferring thither our domestic habits, commercial enterprise, laws, institutions, language, literature, and religion; and the struggle is now intense on the part of thousands of our well-conducted, manual-labour classes to reach the shore, owing to the recent discovery of its gold-fields, and the excessive demand for labour which has been consequently created. There previously existed a great general demand for the able-bodied of both sexes, to engage in various departments of industry, and develop the productive resources of the island-continent. Large sums are at the disposal of the home government, chiefly the produce of land sales, remitted by the colonists themselves, for the despatch of healthy emigrants of good character from the mother country, to meet a pressing want for additional hands. But the detection of the precious metal in large quantities having caused a pell-mell rush of the already settled population to the auriferous sites, abandoning all ordinary occupations for gold-digging, there is instant employment at good wages to be found for the strong arm and willing mind, positive ruin hanging over the great staple interests of these colonies unless their labour-market is sup-

plied. But independently of the recently changed condition of society in Australia, it is not going too far to say, that no part of the world presents a fairer opening to persons intending to emigrate, with a view to devote themselves to a course of regular industry. As multitudes are, therefore, now employing an hour of leisure in turning their thoughts to this region as a future home; and thinking that they may do so with advantage to themselves and the mother country, we devote a few pages of the 'LEISURE HOUR' to the task of offering them some information and assistance. Let it not be understood for a moment that we encourage the idea of leaving the shores of England, in the expectation of cheaply obtaining wealth by "prospecting" for gold in the river-basin of the Murray. We would rather discourage the thought to the best of our ability. Experience confirms the statement, that where gold-seeking is a source of sudden emolument, the success is very commonly and speedily negated to the individual by the mad spendthrift spirit which it elicits, while in a great number of cases no adequate compensation is obtained for hard toil, and in not a few, wretchedness and demoralization are items of evil added to the sting of disappointment. It is to those alone we address ourselves, who look forward to the service of the flockmaster and grazier, or to prosecuting avocations abroad kindred to those with which they are familiar at home.

Australia—remarkable for its great extent (containing a territorial area nearly equal to that of Europe), its singularly regular conformation, and recent discovery—comprises at present the four following colonies:—

	Founded.	Population, last Census.	Capitals and Principal Ports.
NEW SOUTH WALES	1788	180,000	Sydney, Moreton Bay.
VICTORIA, LATE PORT PHILIP	1836	78,000	Melbourne, Geelong, Portland Bay.
SOUTH AUSTRALIA	1836	67,000	Adelaide, Port Adelaide, Port Lincoln.
WEST AUSTRALIA, OR SWAN RIVER	1829	4,000	Perth, King George's Sound.

The progress of these settlements, the last excepted, is without a parallel in history. Sydney, after an existence of sixty years, had nearly 40,000 inhabitants; Adelaide and Melbourne, in the space of sixteen years, had each grouped an estimated population of 25,000 persons; while at the time of the American revolution, after a period of more than a century and a half, Boston only possessed 18,000 inhabitants, and neither Philadelphia nor New York at all equalled the size of Sydney.

It is not easy in a few brief paragraphs to reply to the natural inquiry of the intending emigrant, "What kind of country is Australia?" But, referring exclusively to the settled districts, we will offer some general observations upon the subject, which, though necessarily imperfect, may not be unsatisfactory either to the outward-bound passenger, or the stay-at-home crowd.

Australia is, then, eminently a land of *contraries*; a kind of miniature world, in many respects turned upside down; and novelties will often arrest attention, till the new settler has become accustomed to his change of place. Situated in the southern hemisphere, nearly opposite to the position of Great Britain in the northern, the seasons are of course the reverse of our own, midsummer falling in January, and midwinter in July. The

spring months are September, October, and November; the summer, December, January, and February; the autumn, March, April, and May; and the winter, June, July, and August. The sun, which is southerly to us, is northerly to our brethren at the antipodes. They have reverse conditions likewise with reference to the temperature of the breeze, the north wind being hot, and the south wind cold. Both in botany and zoology, nature exhibits a thousand singular arrangements, many of which have no parallel elsewhere. Its trees, which are entitled to rank as evergreens, from not periodically casting their leaves, are more generally ever-browns. Owing to scanty foliage, the majority afford little shade, except when they are very closely grouped, which is an exception in the distribution of the ligneous vegetation; and for the same reason, along with the peculiar pale tint of the leaves, the forests are never sombre scenes. Some bear fruits like cherries, with the stones attached to the outside. Others yield what seem delicious-looking pears, but are really pieces of hard wood. There are trees which have leaf-stalks performing the office of leaves, while in other cases the leaves seem twisted out of their proper position, being vertical, or presenting their edges towards the stem, so that both surfaces have the same relation

to the light. Nettles of an arborescent stature, from fifteen to twenty feet high, are not uncommon. Native flowers have seldom any odour. Parasitical plants are found growing in the ground, an exception to the almost universal law of the vegetable kingdom, that true parasites are incapable of taking root in the earth. The animal creation is correspondingly peculiar. Some of its forms excited no little astonishment, and occasionally alarm, in the minds of the first European visitors. During Captain Cook's first voyage, a sailor returned from a short excursion on shore sorely frightened, declaring that he had seen the enemy of mankind moving through the grass, though unable to describe the appearance otherwise than as about the size of a nine-gallon keg. It was one of the hideous Pteropine bats, which sometimes attain prodigious dimensions. The characteristic animals are furnished with pouches in which to stow their young, and move by enormous leaps, outstripping the gallop of the horse. Wild quadrupeds are, however, few, both as to species and individuals. All are of the pacific class, the indigenous dog excepted, which is only an object of annoyance to the shepherd and danger to the flocks, at the outskirts of the settlements. There are various tribes of honey bees, but none of them have stings. Birds of beautiful plumage abound, but songsters are wanting. Swans are black; eagles, white. The cuckoo utters its note at night; the owl screeches by day.

In a region of such extent—the distance from Sydney to Perth corresponding to that between Edinburgh and Constantinople—there are, of course, large tracts unavailable for the support of civilized man, consisting of peat swamps, saline marshes, rocky hills, stony and sandy plains, either absolutely sterile, or productive only of "scrub"—the colonial term for a species of stunted, unprofitable brushwood. But there still remain millions of unoccupied acres of the greatest fertility, adapted for the growth of grain; and more especially for the sustenance of flocks and herds, which may be multiplied for centuries, without fear of overtaking the natural provision for them. For miles and miles, the character of the country has been often compared to the park scenery around the seat of an English noble. Trees of interesting appearance occur solitarily, not more than three or four to the acre, or form small clumps; sheep whitely dotting the landscape, of which there are not far short of twenty millions at present on the pastures of Australia, yielding the finest wool, and placing it at the head of wool-growing lands. "Amid the apparent sameness of the forest," says M. de Strzelecki, "may be often found spots teeming with a gigantic and luxuriant vegetation, sometimes laid out in stately groves, free from thicket or underwood, sometimes opening on glades and slopes, intersected with rivulets, carpeted with the softest turf, and which lack only the thatched and gabled cottage, with its blue smoke curling amid the trees, to realize a purely European picture." Abundant crops of wheat, barley, and maize are raised, with ordinary garden vegetables. Though possessing not a single native species of edible fruit, save the cranberry and a few other berry-bearing plants of no importance, the introduced vine and orange thrive, and almost all exotics succeed, except those

which require a colder climate, as the apple, gooseberry, and currant, with oats among the cereals. Yet not more there than here does nature supersede the necessity for stern exertion on the part of man, nor can a competence be secured, and distress be avoided, without a due amount of labour. Let no one, contemplating a settlement within its bounds, dream of a land flowing with milk and honey, in the sense of riches being acquired, or a comfortable subsistence being gained, apart from pertinacious effort. A more immediate and ample return for toil is its prime and only recommendation to the emigrant. The application and thrift which at home scarcely avail to ward off beggary, may there be confidently expected to place him in easy circumstances; but beggary will still be his neighbour, if the maxims of industry and economy are neglected, while little sympathy in distress will be awarded him abroad, owing to the well-founded presumption, that he is pinched as the consequence of his own indolence or folly.

The climate of all the coasts and colonies is remarkable for its dryness. Owing to this circumstance, and the absence of towering mountains covered with perpetual snows, there are no vast rivers comparable to those which are found in other great regions of the globe, and permanent waters are generally scarce. The streams, though subject to extraordinary floods from heavy rains in winter, are largely reduced in summer through drought, and commonly either lose their continuity, becoming a series of detached ponds, or are converted into stony highways. This deficient irrigation adapts the country more for pastoral than agricultural purposes, while, except in favoured spots, it renders the herbage scanty, as compared with that of our own fields, and necessitates extensive "runs" out of all proportion to the number of cattle and sheep which are pastured on them. But the long-continued droughts, which threatened the colony of New South Wales with destruction while its area was contracted, have since been ascertained to be but partial visitations, and have not been experienced in South Australia or Victoria. It is to the dryness of the atmosphere that the superior quality of the Australian wool is attributed. In winter thin ice is formed; but snow is very rarely seen, except in the upland districts. In summer, the temperature rises high, and the range of the thermometer is often excessive in the course of a few hours; but the greatest solar heat has no relaxing or debilitating effect upon the constitution, and the rapid interchange of heat and cold is endured without inconvenience. The only atmospheric annoyance is the hot wind, which occasionally blows in summer from the unexplored interior, and seems to indicate in that direction the existence of vast sandy deserts, which, baking beneath a tropical sun, give a fierce temperature to the breeze that passes over them. Volumes of impalpable dust, and gritty particles of some size, are raised, and swept along by this blast from the central fiery furnace. The sky, though clear of clouds, assumes, consequently, a hazy aspect, through which the sun glows like a ball of copper, while the haze magnifies the glaring orb. Exposed objects, as the handles of doors, sometimes become so hot as to be almost painful to grasp. Though excessively disagreeable, there is nothing imme-

diately injurious in the hot wind. If necessary, journeying and out-of-doors labour may generally be prosecuted without danger, in the very teeth of it, while annoyance is avoided by keeping at home, with doors and windows closely fastened. The visitation is over in about two days, and is terminated by a cool breeze from the south, after a short but occasionally a very sharp contest.

It is a consideration of prime importance to the emigrant, that the ordinary Australian climate is in a high degree genial to the senses, exhilarating to the mind, and conducive to health and longevity. This is the uniform testimony of experience. Through the greater part of the year, the sky is beautifully bright and the air balmy. The dry, pure, elastic atmosphere gives a buoyancy to the spirits, seldom known in our fog-breathing country; and owing to the same cause, exposure at night, "bushing it under a gum-tree, with a saddle for a pillow," is attended with no ill effects. Acute inflammatory disorders are rare. Endemic diseases, fevers, or agues, are seldom or never met with, from the general absence of marsh exhalations. The prevalent complaints to which new settlers are specially liable, are ophthalmia and dysentery. The former arises from the reflection of the solar glare; the latter is usually brought on by injudicious diet; but both appear generally in mild forms, where strictly temperate habits are observed. It has been repeatedly stated, that individuals in middle or advanced life, even after the decay of the animal system has commenced, have acquired new vigour on proceeding to Australia, like trees transplanted to a more congenial soil, and have apparently received an addition to what might have been deemed in their case the ordinary term of existence. From some unknown reason, but doubtless climatic, birth is given to children by parents at a more advanced stage of life, and the young increase in stature more rapidly than in England.

Opinions in favour of the mineral wealth of this great island were expressed by the naturalists who accompanied the early navigators to its coasts, and were subsequently repeated by scientific explorers of the interior. The experience of the last ten years has strikingly illustrated their sagacity of observation. Coal occurs in abundance in various parts of New South Wales, and also at the Swan River, while copper, iron, and lead are products of South Australia. The vast stores of the former metal have already yielded princely fortunes. It was in the latter part of the year 1842, that copper was first discovered by a youth in search of wild flowers, who found and conveyed home a fine specimen of green carbonate. Soon afterwards, in the same locality, an intelligent sheep-farmer, while engaged in looking up his flock which a thunder storm had dispersed, observed a fractured rock apparently covered with beautiful green moss. On further examination, he noticed a large protruding mass of clay-slate, strongly impregnated with a mineral which he supposed must be copper, from the close resemblance of the colour to verdigris. The two discoverers being on intimate terms, associated to turn the disclosure to account; and keeping their secret, obtained from the government eighty acres of land at the upset price of £1 per acre. They originated the Kapunda mine, in Light county, about sixty miles to the north of Adelaide. It

speedily became a great establishment. A spot which had before been a perfect wilderness was turned into a thriving township; and 27,000*l.* are said to have been refused for a site which originally cost but 80*l.* The proprietors purchased a hundred adjoining acres, but had to pay 2,120*l.* for the tract, owing to sharp competition. Copper is distributed over a wide area of the province, in quantities which ages will not exhaust. The celebrated Burra Burra mine, in the district of the Razorback mountains, about forty miles north of Kapunda, discovered in 1845, is the richest in the world. Large masses of remarkably pure ore have been obtained by operations rather resembling quarrying than mining; beautiful malachites, red oxides, green and blue carbonates, mingle in wild confusion at this extraordinary spot; and its deposits of iron are equal to those of copper in extent and quality. The discovery of gold in the neighbouring colonies, now an all-absorbing pursuit, suspending largely all other branches of industry, will form the subject of a separate notice.

At a period when numbers are on the eve of embarking for the Australian ports, to be followed by a greater crowd, we are unwilling to close this paper without some remarks of an immediately practical nature. The voyage, a distance of some 16,000 miles by ship's course, is of course a formidable enterprise, though really a very safe and easy trip compared with the shorter adventure of the Pilgrim Fathers, in a crazy bark across the channel of the Atlantic. Good vessels usually accomplish the passage in about ninety-five days; but the emigrant should calculate upon an interval of four months, and arrange accordingly; while, to guard against casualties, ships carry provisions and water for a still longer period. In order to take advantage of certain trade winds, the ordinary route is diagonally across the Atlantic, as if making for Rio Janeiro; then recrossing to latitudes south of the Cape of Good Hope, and thence proceeding easterly to the desired haven, in which direction there is generally a favourable fresh breeze. It is common for the voyage to be performed without touching at any intermediate port; and after leaving the sea-gulls of the English channel, land may not be again seen till the "mutton-birds" of Bass's Straits have been sighted, should Melbourne or Sydney be the point of destination. Before leaving the South Atlantic Ocean, the passenger will cross the meridian of Greenwich. As he proceeds to the eastward, his watch, if it goes correctly, will lag behind the sun, at the rate of one hour for every three or four days, or for every fifteen degrees of longitude that are sailed over; and as Melbourne is about 145 degrees of longitude east of Greenwich, he will have to put it forward nearly ten hours on the whole, in order that it may correspond with Melbourne time on his arrival. The passage lying through the hot zone of the equator, and also touching on chilling southern latitudes, it is important to be provided with clothing suited to both extremes; and as washing linen on shipboard is out of the question, a sufficient stock to last without that operation for the entire voyage, is necessary. It is of little consequence at what period of the year an emigrant sails; but if he contemplates the manual labour of pastoral life, August has its advantages,

as he will then arrive about the commencement of the Australian harvest, when also the settlers come down to the ports from the interior with their wool, and make their arrangements for the ensuing season. But the present extraordinary demand for labourers renders the employment of able hands certain at any time. By sailing in the interval from November to March, the advantage is secured of arriving in the cool part of the Australian year.

The length of the voyage necessarily renders the cost of transport high. Respectable parties of moderate means, neither ample nor stinted, may secure a comfortable passage, with provisions on a liberal scale, by from 20*l.* to 25*l.* Steerage passages range from 15*l.* to 18*l.* Families are taken at reduced prices, according to number and age. Free passages are granted by the government to a limited number of agricultural labourers and domestic servants, subject to certain restrictions*; and the emigration of others belonging to the impoverished class, is aided by societies established for the purpose.† Those who pay for their own passage should never deal with ship-agents, but with principals, and satisfy themselves as to the respectability of the party with whom they treat. In selecting a ship, care should be taken to see that the vessel stands well at Lloyd's, is marked A 1, and not by CE in red letters. Ships of the latter class, technically said to be on the red diphthongs, may be safe enough; but rats and mice, with nameless vermin, will be found to be over-abundant in them. Though life on shipboard has been compared to being in prison, with the chance of being drowned, this statement is far more sprightly than true, as far as the Australian voyage is concerned. It might with equal correctness be said that travelling to town by rail was a temporary imprisonment, with the risk of being dashed to pieces. In a sea-worthy ship, and with a competent commander, there is little danger to be apprehended, beyond the casualties to which in other forms we are liable by land; and with reference to the sense of confinement, much will depend upon the habits of the passenger. He cannot do better than judiciously divide his time during the transit, occupying himself as much as possible with acquiring useful knowledge respecting the country to which he is going, resolutely beforehand turning a deaf ear to sundry advertisements with which the newspapers are rife. One now before us announces, that "emigrants will find pleasure during the voyage, and profit upon their arrival, by taking out a corneopan at 35*s.* or a flute at 25*s.*" We advise all who are open to such seductions, to stay at home; and those who sail away from us, should learn how to stitch and use tools on their passage, so as to be their own tailors and carpenters when settled in Australia.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.—Whatever a man lays out for God, he lays up for himself.—Speak of people's virtues; conceal their infirmities; if you can say no good, say no ill of them.—It is our main business in this world to secure a happy eternity in the next.

* Office, No. 9, Park-street, Westminster.

† Family Colonization Loan Society: Office, No. 3, Charlton-crescent, Islington.

THE FALL OF POOR PEDRO.

SOME time ago we gave an account of the death of an acquaintance of ours, Old Chunee, the elephant of Exeter 'Change, and now we purpose to enter on a narrative of a similar character. We love to look on the bulky brute whose enormous strength is so willingly and efficiently exerted for the benefit of man, and feel interested in his welfare. We are amused at his uncouth movements on the land, and his grotesque gambols in the water when taking his bath; and we cannot but smile when his keeper talks of accommodating his unwieldy leg with a silk stocking.

An elephant, even in a caravan, is sure to attract the attention of the beholder; but much more so when he appears in the crowded thoroughfares of a town or city. A unique spectacle it is to see

The forest giant striding through the streets,
The wonder or the fear of all he meets.

We once witnessed this spectacle in perfection; for happening to meet an elephant on his way from Hackney fields, where he had been exhibited, we turned round and attended him through Old-street, and the narrower pass of Goswell-street, while the populous purlieus of Whitecross-street and Golden-lane poured forth their crowds in wondering admiration. Nothing could exceed the varied surprise and consternation of the people, hundreds of whom, judging by their intense astonishment, had never seen an elephant before. It was by no means an easy thing to keep pace with the enormous animal, whose long strides kept those around him on a half run. Boys and girls in troops joined the wondering throng; women, with children in their arms, ran along screaming out their surprise; and workmen and shopmen abandoned for a season their occupations, to get a glance at the mammoth-like monster that was gone as soon as he was seen.

Well do we remember—and we doubt not the heroine of our anecdote remembers it well too—that we were once present at the Zoological Gardens, when the great elephant, probably put out of temper by some little liberty taken with him, suddenly seized hold of a lady's dress, tearing it off by the waist as adroitly as if it had been clipped round with a pair of scissors. But though this was fine fun to Sir Elephanteus, who amused himself by flourishing in the air and tearing to tatters a part of the feminine spoil of which he had so unceremoniously possessed himself, it was otherwise with the hapless fair, who vainly tried to shrink from observation, her under garments not being exactly those she would have chosen for a public exhibition. Instead of the ladies near forming a cordon of protection around their poor defenceless sister, they left her alone in her distress, and we (bear with us if even yet we plume ourselves on this act of our gallantry) rushed forward to the rescue, escorting the unfortunate fair one to the cake-house, and procuring for her such necessary addition to her wardrobe as enabled her to proceed to a hackney coach, without attracting much further attention. When looking back with any degree of interest to the past,

How vividly intense in memory's eyes
The scenes of other days before us rise!
The monster brute, the fair with pallid brow,
And giggling throng, are all before us now.

Much longer could we discourse on what has afforded us pleasure, but already have we trespassed on the reader's patience; trying, therefore, to persuade ourselves that our digression has been pardoned, we will at once enter on our intended narrative.

In the "*Almanach Historique, nommé Messager Boiteux pour l'an de grace 1821*," is an interesting account of the destruction of an elephant that became furious and ungovernable at the fortified city of Geneva in Switzerland. The animal, which was from Bengal, had by an accident lost one of his tusks. His age was ten years, his height nine feet, and his colour a dark brown.

There is something exceedingly touching in the docility of so huge and powerful a creature as an elephant. We cannot witness an animal that could crush out the life of those around him and trample them as dust beneath his feet, obeying with all the gentleness of a lamb the command of his keeper, without feeling indebted to his forbearance. The elephant of which we speak was so gentle and tractable, that he called forth in his favour the kind sympathy of the crowds that visited him.

Mademoiselle Garnier, who travelled with this obedient creature, which for want of another name we will call Pedro, once possessed an elephant which, violently breaking loose from his keepers at Venice, did much damage, and was obliged to be destroyed. This event was not likely to be forgotten by her. The one-tusked elephant Pedro, whose tragical end we are about to describe, was very fond of her, kneeling to take her on his back, and obeying her every word and gesture. It was no unimpressive sight to see him hold out his foot for the iron ring which chained him for the night to the strong post set deep in the ground.

Most of us have regarded with interest, if not with awe, the long line of Wombwell's caravans proceeding onward to some distant wake or fair; but Pedro travelled on foot by night, led along by three keepers. He had visited England, France, and the Netherlands. It was not until he had been at Geneva a week or more, that much change was perceived in him; but then it was clear that the frequent volleys of musketry from the soldiers considerably annoyed him. These volleys, with other exciting causes, in addition to his spring paroxysms, at last rendered him dangerous.

It was at the hour of midnight, attended by three keepers, one carrying a lantern, that Pedro passed the gates and drawbridges of Geneva, leaving Mademoiselle Garnier to follow on the morrow. Few people would willingly embark in so perilous an enterprise as that of escorting by night an excited elephant along the high road. It was soon found that this adventure was a dangerous one; for not far had they proceeded before Pedro became unruly and disposed to make an attack on one of his keepers. The man perceiving his danger ran for the city, pursued by the huge animal which was now his own master. Whether to admit Pedro or not, was a difficult point to determine; but the officer on guard decided in his favour, thinking that in the city there would be better opportunities of securing him than on the highway, especially as the latter would soon be crowded with market people. The gates were opened, and Pedro, still pursuing his keeper, entered the place. In the

heart of a city, and all at once relieved from the custody of his keepers, Pedro hardly knew how to make the most of his fresh-acquired liberty. For a while he walked about the Place de Saint Gervais, evidently enjoying his freedom. It was a fine night, he was not annoyed by the fire of musketry, and he could go where he liked; these things contributed much to his satisfaction. At last, coming to a heap of stones that had been collected for the repair of the pavement, he laid himself down upon it. Not long had Pedro enjoyed his quietude before he espied a keeper, who had taken his post at the end of one of the bridges over the Rhone. Well it was for the man that he made his escape; for in a moment Pedro was after him, evidently disposed to do him mischief. No doubt, had the keeper been overtaken, his life would have been sacrificed.

It was a great grief to Mademoiselle Garnier to know that Pedro had become so untractable and dangerous, but she lost no time in hastening to him. Though the keepers dared not approach him, Mademoiselle went resolutely forward with dainties in her hand and gentle words on her lips. Trusting to her customary influence over him, she manifested no fear. Her confidence was not misplaced, for Pedro, won over by her gentle manner and soothing voice, permitted her to lead him into a place called the Bastion d' Hollande, which was well walled round; and thus a point was gained of considerable importance. Left alone, and with the gates shut upon him, Pedro began to amuse himself in different ways.

Geneva, the capital of a canton of the same name, as a fortified city and military station, has a considerable arsenal, and at the time when Pedro entered the Bastion d' Hollande, there stood in, or adjoining to it, a shed containing military stores, such as caissons and piles of cannon-balls, with wagons and gun carriages. These turned out to be admirable playthings for Pedro, who made the most of them all. It was ludicrous to see how the bulky animal turned round and round the wheels of the carriages, rolled the caissons over, and tossed the cannon-balls in the air; but ludicrous as this was, a fearful element was mingled with it, for every now and then Pedro ran about from one place to another with so much ardour, that in his excited state it was difficult to decide whether merriment or madness was the cause of his vivacity.

In the state in which Pedro then was, he might be considered safe, cooped up within the walls of the Bastion d' Hollande; but how would it be should his paroxysm increase? Mademoiselle Garnier had too lively a remembrance of the fury of her elephant which was destroyed at Venice, and of the ravage made by him in the city before he was overcome, not to fear that if Pedro were not killed, the same disastrous consequences would ensue. Great was her distress and terror.

An hour or more had passed since Pedro had returned to the city; and as during this period his excitement had increased, it became necessary to take active measures. The officer on guard, who had hurried to Mademoiselle to confer with her, wished the animal to be spared, thinking the paroxysm would pass away; but Mademoiselle, though it sadly tried her to do so, in the most pressing manner pleaded for his immediate destruction. Pedro's doom was then sealed.

Arrangements were now made with the utmost despatch, and druggists of the place were applied to for the most powerful poison that could be procured. It was then recollected that M. Mayor, a skilful surgeon, had often visited the elephant and won his affection. This circumstance induced the magistrate to request M. Mayor to administer the poison, and this he undertook to do. Three ounces of prussic acid mixed with ten of brandy was the dose prepared. In order to be ready for all exigencies, in case the poison should not take effect, two breaches were made in the wall, and a four-pounder placed in each of them. It was to one of these breaches that M. Mayor called Pedro, who immediately came and swallowed the poison at a draught. Two ounces of prussic acid would have made sad havoc among a regiment of soldiers, but it seemed to have little or no effect on Pedro.

While the elephant was lying down, walking about, and playing with the balls and the caissons, M. Mayor went to work to prepare for him another poisonous dose, consisting of three boluses, each containing an ounce of arsenic, mingled with honey and sugar. This additional dose was taken by Pedro as readily as the other; but after waiting a reasonable time for it to spread its deleterious influence throughout the bulky frame of the doomed animal, hardly any visible effect followed. Time pressed and anxiety was abundantly increased.

Once more M. Mayor made a deadly offering to Pedro, who this time, after taking it from his hand and smelling at it, threw it away. There was now but little hope from the poison, and no other alternative than the four-pounders remained. Pedro, however, continued his antics with the military stores, now and then approaching one of the breaches, and pushing back the cannon. Little doubt was entertained that the sagacious brute in some degree anticipated danger.

Things had now come to a crisis; for the clock had struck five, spectators were arriving from all quarters, and the time for beginning the market was drawing nigh. It was a season of anxiety, suspense, and alarm. Magistrates, M. Mayor, Mademoiselle Garnier, and the spectators, with intense interest, were all awaiting the fearful result. Again and again Pedro advanced and retreated, without presenting a favourable mark for the artilleryman; but at last, just as he was drawing back from the breach, the gunner fired.

The coming day is dawning bright;
There stands poor Pedro in his night,
A free and fearless rover.
The flash, the thunder, and the ball,
The start, the stagger, and the fall;
One gasp, and all is over.

The ball had passed right through the head of the poor animal, and struck against the opposite wall. Well was it for Pedro that he ended his career in a fortified town; had it been otherwise, he might have been fired at by the hour with rifles, instead of being brought down at once by a shot from a four-pounder.

Loud was the lamentation of many of the inhabitants of the city, when the fall of poor Pedro became generally reported abroad, and great was the crowd that hastened to the Bastion d' Hollande to ascertain with their own eyes whether it were really true. So well was poor Pedro beloved,

that the sight of his dead body spread a mournful influence around. Arrangements were made with Mademoiselle Garnier that the remains might be secured for the museum, and with this intention a skilful dissection of the body took place. More than thirty years have rolled away since the performance of this tragedy, yet is it still fresh in the remembrance of many. Long will the inhabitants of Geneva speak of the elephant which visited the place with Mademoiselle Garnier.

INTO THE DESERT.

THE desert was a limitless level of smooth gravelled sand, stretching on all sides among the tufted shrubs, like spacious well-rolled garden-walks. It had the air of a boundless garden, carefully kept. "And now," said the Pacha, "begins the true desert." Farther and farther fell the palms behind us, and at length the green earth was but a vague western belt—a darkish hedge of our garden. Upon the hard sand the camel-paths were faintly indicated, like cattle-paths upon a sandy field. They went straight away to the horizon, and vanished like a railway track. The sun lay warm upon my back, and with sudden suspicion I turned to look at him, as a child upon an ogre who is gently urging him on. Forward and forward upon those faint narrow desert tracks should we pass into the very region of his wrath! Here would he smite us terribly with the splendour of his scorn, and wither and consume these audacious citizens who had come out against him with blue cotton umbrellas! In that moment, excited as I was by the consciousness of being out of sight of land upon the desert, I laughed a feeble laugh at my own feebleness, and all the tales of exposure and peril in the wilderness that I had ever read returned with direful distinctness, flooding my mind with awe.

As we advanced, the surface of the desert was somewhat broken, and the ridges of sand were enchanted by the sun and shadow into the semblance of rose-hued cliffs, based with cool green slopes. It was a simple effect, but of the extremest beauty.

"Do you see the mirage?" asked the Pacha, turning upon El Shiraz, and pointing to a seeming reach of water.

"Yes; but I admit no mirage which is not perfect deception. That's clearly sand."

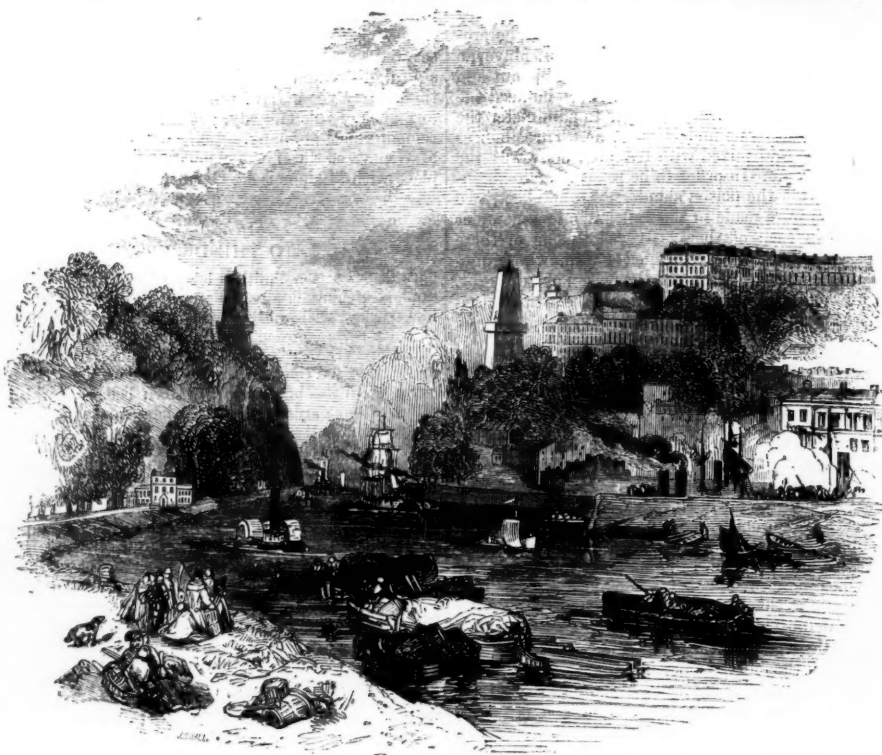
"True," returned the Pacha; "but yet it is a very good mirage."

We jogged on until we reached it, and found a fair little lake.

"Yes," said the Pacha, without turning, "that's clearly sand."

At every tuft of shrub the camels tried to browse, and sometimes permitting MacWhirter to tarry and dally with the dry green, I fell far behind the caravan, that held its steady way toward the horizon.

Then returned the sense of solitude, and all the more deeply, because the sky was of that dark dense blue—from the contrast with the shining sand—which I had only seen among the highest peaks of Switzerland, contrasted with the snow, as on the glacier of the Aar beneath the Finster Aarhorn. In that Arabian day, remembering Switzerland, I lifted my eyes, and, seconded by the sun, I saw the drifts of pure sand, like drifts of Alpine snow. The lines and sweeps were as sharp and delicate, and the dark shadows whose play is glorious upon this wide race-course of the winds, made the farther ridges like green hills. Then, because the shrubs pushed up so frequently, the desert was but a cultivated country, overdrifted with sand.—*Curtis's Wanderer in Syria.*



A GLANCE AT CLIFTON

As nine-tenths of the visitors to Clifton must pass through the city of Bristol, of which Clifton is in fact a suburb, a few paragraphs on that great western centre of commerce must necessarily preface any remarks we have to make on its picturesque environs; that red and rocky gorge, those wooded slopes and breezy tufted downs, which together make up the sublime and magnificent picture suggested by the name of Clifton to the imagination of the inland tourist.

Bristol, which long enjoyed the designation of the second city in the empire, and still delights so to style itself, stands partly in Gloucestershire and partly in Somersetshire, and at a distance of 115 miles due west, or very nearly so, from London. It is one of the most ancient cities in England—is termed in its old charters, "*villa regalis et libera*," "a royal and free city," and is independent in its government. It is watered by two rivers, the Avon and the Froom, the former of which is navigable for vessels of almost any burden up to the very heart of the city; the other is a small brook-like stream, tolerably clear in its general course, but defiled with the sewerage and filth of the town in its passage through it. The banks of both rivers are eminently picturesque. The Avon is the "rocky Avon" of Milton, whose romantic grandeur has given birth to unnumbered essays of the

poet and the painter; and the Froom in its windings in the neighbourhood of Stapleton and beyond, if not so grand and striking, is still more rich and varied in subjects for the pencil. Altogether, Bristol may boast of a site not to be paralleled by any city in Britain south of the Tweed. It has been fancifully compared by a writer of the last century to ancient Rome, and is said to stand, like the fallen mistress of the world, upon seven hills. In one respect the justice of the comparison is undeniable; the river boasts yellow mud enough to set up ten Tibers, but we can recognise no further similarity between the two. Rome, in fact, never equalled nor even approached Bristol in point of site.

To a transient visitor, who has been shut up for years in the dreary flat of London, a ramble through the streets of Bristol would prove a real luxury, though probably it would be a wearisome one to feet unused to scale the sides of precipitous hills, or ascend flights of countless steps. He would be well repaid, however, by a perpetual succession of varied prospects, many of astonishing beauty and of vast extent, which would meet him at every opening. But before he climbed the heights either of Brandon Hill within the city, or of St. Michael's Hill on its verge, he would naturally direct his steps towards Redcliffe Church, famed far and wide for the exquisite beauty of its architecture, and still more interesting to the

lovers of literature from its connexion with Chatterton—

"The marvellous boy,
Who perished in his pride."

He will probably climb up to the muniment room over the porch, and sitting on the stone chest in which that unhappy genius pretended to have discovered the manuscripts of Rowley, muse for a while upon his wretched career and end. This church of St. Mary, Redcliff, strongly resembles a cathedral, and is, beyond all comparison, the first parish church in England. It was begun by Simon de Burton in 1292, and was completed by William Canynge, senior, in 1377. It is reported to have suffered severely from tempest in 1445, and was beyond all doubt repaired, beautified, and finished in an exquisite manner by William Canynge, grandson of the former—a rich and munificent merchant, who was five times mayor of Bristol. Two remarkable monuments to his memory will be found in the church, and are well worthy of inspection. Here also may be seen the monument of Sir William Penn, the father of the founder of Pennsylvania, who, if we are to credit the revelations of Pepys' Diary, deserved a very different character from that here ascribed to him. A memorial far more interesting to us will be found to the right of the organ loft, facing the south entrance; it is a mural tablet to the memory of Sir Francis Freeling, a man of whom Bristol has reason to boast. "*Nunquam nisi honorificentissime*" is the motto inscribed on a shield beneath; and honourable was his course from first to last. His father was a confectioner in a small way on Redcliffe-hill. When a lad he was apprenticed to the post-office in Bristol; he rose by undeviating industry and integrity to the highest rank in the general post-office, which he held for nearly forty years, and died a baronet at the age of seventy-two, leaving a name behind him ever to be remembered with honour.

But leaving our supposed visitor to wander as long as he chooses beneath the groined roof of St. Mary, Redcliffe, we must look about us in other directions. We find matters of interest in every street and at every turn. Monuments of antiquity peep out upon us from dead walls, and living landscapes, framed in chimney tops, look down upon us through narrow wynds and malodorous alleys. We dive into the Pithay, and find a glorious old mansion, which might have served for the palace of a Tudor, in the occupation of a slop-seller; and in one of the principal business thoroughfares we come upon a complicated model of ancient wood-work, occupied as a bank. We see nodding old gable fronts with their upper stories projecting over the pathway, side by side with modern erections of first-rate finish and stability. We pass from a noble street in two minutes to the centre of a filthy court. We find princely wealth and gin-sodden poverty huddled together in close contact. Passing along the quay, we are struck with the enterprising spirit which long ago accomplished a work which yet remains, and is likely to remain, so great a desideratum on the banks of the Thames in London. The solid construction of these wharfs and quays alone is a sufficient monument of the commercial greatness, and of the resolution which

achieved it, of the by-gone generations of Bristol's merchant princes.

Diverging on the right hand into College-green, we arrive at the cathedral, where we sit and rest our limbs under the cool cloistered roof. The cathedral was formerly the collegiate church of St. Augustine's monastery: when dissolved by Henry VIII, he erected it into the see of a bishop, and appropriated the revenues to the maintenance of the diocesan, the dean, prebendaries, canons, etc. This edifice is a beautiful and venerable structure, and adds greatly to the picturesque aspect of this portion of the city. There are upwards of a score of churches in Bristol, besides the cathedral and Redcliffe church, some of them old and of singular structure; but we have not time even to name them. From College-green we ascend Park-street, or a portion of it, and soon find our way to the top of Brandon-hill. Let no visitor of Bristol neglect to follow our example. From this lofty eminence, rising in the midst of the town, is one of the noblest city views upon which the eye can possibly rest. Looking towards Bath, the vast city, spread out upon an undulating ground, lies tranquilly beneath, reeking with the black and blue breath of a scattered host of factory chimneys, among which the dark pyramids of the glass-houses loom heavily, and the square towers and pointed spires of the churches, half buried in the smoke, lift their gilded weather-vanes into the sun-light. Right in front, on the eastern verge of the city, and farthest from the eye, a dense and almost impenetrable brown mist marks the grimy, filthy, and hovel-crowded district of "The Dings," where labour and squalor have shaken hands and made a compact together to withstand the opposing forces of civilization and comfort. To the left, the lower town stretches away upon an extensive level, the limits of which are concealed from view by interposing buildings on high ground close at hand. Down deep below, on the right, gleams the pent-up water of the wide canal by which the shipping is brought into the heart of Bristol. Here last autumn the *Demerara* was launched in the darkness of night, to be wrecked before she had voyaged a mile, through the narrowness of the river. The summit of Brandon-hill is evidently a place of favourite resort; pleasant walks are laid out, and seats are plentiful for the accommodation of the citizens. Here on the night of the 30th of October, 1831, might have been seen many an alarmed and anxious group watching the progress of the fires of incendiarism and rapine, while the city below, all but surrendered to the hands of a lawless and drunken crew, resounded with the shouts of demoniac riot and ravage, and the red flames, shooting high into the sky from various quarters at once, proclaimed to all the country for twenty miles around the ruffian rule of the plundering mob. Queen-square, the principal arena of these disgraceful riots, lies in front a little to the right, at the distance of about half a mile.

Descending Brandon-hill to the eastward, and climbing the opposing height, we obtain a view of queen Elizabeth's hospital, a newly-erected public school built in the Tudor style, a massive and imposing structure on a most appropriate site. We are now in CLIFTON; which, during the last two or three generations, has risen from a compara-

tively insignificant village to something very like a city of princes. Noble streets and lordly mansions have usurped the broad and level down, and on all sides the evidences of wealth, prosperity, and good taste greet the eye. It is plain to the most casual observer that an aristocracy of a certain class have fixed upon this spot as their permanent abode, and that neither architectural talent nor liberal expenditure have been wanting to render it luxuriously attractive. We have some difficulty in finding our way after an absence of twenty years; but a little friendly direction soon lands us in Dowry-parade, in a neighbourhood that is an old acquaintance. Thence it is not far to the river side, where once more the old glories of Clifton emerge upon us. It happens to be high water in the river. A Spanish bark, deeply laden, is being tugged towards the dock by a couple of her own boats, and a Welsh smack is coming out to be towed down the stream by a couple of horses. There is much talking and hooting in unknown tongues, and an astonishing deal of activity and earnestness on the part of both crews, while a fussy little steamer, without paddles, rushes between the two, discharging a broadside of heavy jokes as she slips past. At Rownham ferry the lumbering boat is loading with a band of haymakers, a couple of donkeys with white linen housings and dilapidated tails, six washerwomen with baskets, a horse and cart, and a group of working men and boys. The sun strikes his sparkling rays upon the rippling water; and the dash of oars, the splash of ropes, and the sharp ring of earnest voices, are the music of the gay and animated picture, which is overlooked by piles of stately buildings, perched aloft nearly three hundred feet above upon the grey and lichen-covered brow of old St. Vincent's rock.

We walk along upon the margin of the river towards the Hotwell House, which enshrines the famous spring of pellucid and sparkling water, whose well-known efficacy in the removal of the incipient symptoms of many disorders was the main originating cause of the deserved popularity and prosperity of this delightful district. The virtues of this spring have been celebrated for nearly 400 years. Towards the close of the seventeenth century the corporation of Bristol enclosed the spring, and leased the land to speculators, who built the old Hotwell House, which figures yet in old engravings, and in the landscapes of Wilson and Gainsborough. The present building, which, though small, has claims to dignity and elegance, arose in 1822. The ground floor contains the pump room, and the hot and cold baths; the upper part being let to invalids making trial of the waters. From the analysis of Mr. Herapath, it is shown that these waters contain chiefly nitrate of magnesia, carbonate of lime, sulphate of lime, chloride of sodium, and sulphate of soda, as well as a considerable quantity of the carbonic acid and nitrogen gases. They are recommended mostly for consumptions, weakness of the lungs, and all cases attended with hectic fever and heat.

In the Colonnade, adjoining the pump-room, lived for many years the literary milkwoman of Bristol, Ann Yearsley; she kept a circulating library, which she was enabled to establish with the profits of her works: the best of these were, "Poems on

Various Subjects," and "Earl Godwin, a Tragedy." Anne was a protégé of Mrs. Hannah More, by whose sisterly patronage she was empowered in her latter days to dispense romance in the same locality where she had formerly dispensed milk.

We have just passed the last residence of the celebrated Hannah More herself, who, on the 7th of September, 1833, died at the age of eighty-nine, in one of those aerial houses overtopping St. Vincent's-parade, once called Watts's Folly, but now known as Windsor-terrace. This admirable woman, the daughter of a village schoolmaster, made her way by the force of a brilliant intellect into the first circles of fashion and literature, and quitted them in the prime of her days from conscientious motives, in order to devote her life to services of piety and active benevolence. She retired to the neighbourhood of Bristol, and lived and wrote for the advantage and improvement of mankind. She played the part of a general benefactress, and yet realized by her writings upwards of 30,000*l.*, and left at her death one-third of it in charitable bequests.

Leaving the Hotwells behind us, we begin now to ascend the Zig-zag, a convenient path, which, by gentle acclivities, brings us pleasantly to the summit of Clifton-downs. The construction of this winding walk was a most worthy and benevolent design, and we should imagine very few pedestrians ascend it without a feeling of gratitude to the original contriver of the route. As we gradually rise in the ascent, prospects of the most exquisite beauty and grandeur open upon the view, varied at every turn, and increasing in extent and sublimity as we reach a greater altitude. Opposite are the beautiful Leigh woods in their densest summer garb of green; far in the distance, to the right, rises Dundry tower, the half-invisible crown of a glorious landscape; and down the river, to the left, the craggy ravine of the Avon, shaggy with nodding trees, and terrible with pointed rock, reveals its fearful beauty as we gradually approach the brow of the precipice. Emerging at length upon Sion-hill, we direct our steps instinctively towards the abutments of the Suspension bridge that is to be, where we gaze for a moment in a kind of fascination upon the broad mass of foliage which shrouds the declivitous sides of the opposite bank. Anything more lovely in the form, arrangement, and colour of foliage, it is scarcely possible to conceive. But the bridge claims a moment's notice. Sixteen years have passed away since the erection was commenced, and two stone towers, with their massive abutments, one on either bank, are as yet all the visible products of an expenditure of 40,000*l.* It is said, the work stands still from want of funds, the legacy of Mr. Vick being exhausted, and more than double its amount in voluntary subscriptions besides. It is probable, however, that want of confidence in the stability of such a structure in such a place, is at the root of the delay. The effect of a high wind upon a heavy vibrating mass, is better known at the present time than it was when the foundations of these towers were laid, and we question, after the experience of the Menai-bridge, whether any sensible architect will be found willing to guarantee the security of the Clifton-bridge with a span of 900 feet from tower to tower.

It is from a point near the proposed bridge that

we catch a complete and bird's-eye view of St. Vincent's rocks. In climbing the Zig-zag, we have attained a perpendicular height of nearly 300 feet above the high-water level of the river, and from hence we gaze abruptly down to the water's edge, with a sudden feeling rather startling to the nerves. We make the discovery that, since we gazed from this spot twenty years ago, solid acres of the red rocks have been rent away, and that the once predominating grey tone of the wondrous landscape has given place to a raw and foxy hue, sadly detracting from the general effect. "The picturesque," as Southey expressed it, has been so long "sold by the barge-load," that a most lamentable diminution of the stock is at length visible. If we miss, however, the old elements of the romantic, we can discern new objects of interest; we can see the tiny figures of the workmen clinging like insects about the raw sides of the naked rock; we see the white puff of smoke darting forth from the solid crag as it heaves convulsively and parts in fragments, and then we hear the hollow roar of the explosion and its lengthened echoes reverberating along the gorge, and mingled with the crashing descent of the stony masses to the trembling soil beneath; and we can see this industrious toiling ravage in contrast with the surrounding accessories of pastoral tranquillity and repose.

A few steps now bring us to Clifton observatory, which stands on the site of one of the old Roman encampments with which this neighbourhood abounds. All visitors to Clifton should enter the observatory, in which there is an admirable camera obscura, which paints upon its white disk the whole of the surrounding scenery with wondrous truth and vivid colouring. Here also are capital telescopes for the convenience of the visitor, by means of which he may on a clear day take a peep into Wales, and scan any part of the distant horizon: there are various scientific instruments besides, in the use of which an hour or two may be profitably and agreeably employed. But, perhaps, the greatest attraction which the observatory presents to the antiquary is Ghyston Cave, or, as it is more frequently called, the Giant's Cave. This is a cavern of some considerable extent, situated, according to the statement of William Wyreestre, who visited it in 1480, in the heart of the rock at the height of sixty vethym (fathoms) above the bed of the river, and about ninety feet from the summit of the rock. It is said to have been formerly a hermitage, containing a chapel and an oratory. The proprietor of the observatory, which is situated nearly over the cave, has excavated a passage through the solid rock, to which an entrance by a circular flight of steps is obtained from the large telescope-room. There is a fine view from the cave, which appears to have been completely inaccessible from without.

Leaving the observatory, we pass on, skirting the summit of St. Vincent's rocks, and traversing Clifton-down, arrive upon Durdham-down, where we come upon a most singular and picturesque ravine, resembling the dried bed of an exhausted torrent, sloping down gradually towards the river, and presenting an irregular surface, part overgrown with stunted bushes, and part speckled with the grey protruding points of rocks piercing up-

wards through the soil. Beyond this yawning nullah we reach the sea wall, a low wall capped with molten clinkers, and erected as a fence from the precipitous edge of the cliff, which here also, as at St. Vincent's rocks, is gradually yielding to the force of gunpowder. From this sea wall, the view looking backwards towards Bristol is, without doubt, the finest that can be obtained of the rocky gorge of the Avon. It must have been this point of view, we imagine, that was in the recollection of Dr. Holland, when, in recording his travels through Greece, he compared the valley of the Avon below Bristol to the far-famed vale of Tempe, where the classic Peneus winds its way between rocks still more lofty and precipitous.

Just beyond the sea wall stands Cook's Folly; an old tower, which forms a picturesque object, seen either from the heights of Clifton, or from the river below. There is a silly legend current with regard to its erection, which it is not worth while to notice; but it is well worth while to ascend to the top of the little tower, and to take your fill of one of the most exquisite of panoramic landscapes which the eye can feast upon. From hence the course of the Avon may be followed to its junction with the channel, the glittering waters of which, bathed in the light of an afternoon sun, gleam like a sheet of fire. The bold promontory upon which stands the town of Portishead, bathes its shadowy side in the dazzling flood; and far beyond—thirty, forty, fifty miles away—the air-drawn, gauze-like, transparent forms of the Welsh mountains rise like thin and unsubstantial clouds into the pale azure of the summer sky. The river and the channel are spotted with sails glimmering in the sunlight, but apparently motionless as the sandbank or the rocky islet which have stood there for ages. Now a long, low, dusky streak appears in the far horizon, the first indication of a steamer from some port in the channel, or perhaps from Ireland, and which a few hours will bring safe into Rownham Dock, or Cumberland Basin. The eye, fatigued at length with the difficult complication of the distant view, reposes involuntarily upon the foreground of the landscape, in the green and shadowy depths of foliage which clothe the abrupt descent of the cliff upon which the tower is built. It is difficult to turn one's back upon such a scene as this; but we have made up our minds to dine at the York hotel at half-past five, and it is already more than half-past four.

Descending from the tower, we make the best of our way back again as far as Clifton-gate, and thence down the carriage road to the Hotwells. This road is a modern construction, and one which must be of amazing convenience to the carriage-borne invalid. It is in parts, too, exceedingly beautiful and picturesque, and has, moreover, the merit of being as direct a route from the Hotwells to Durdham Down as could well have been planned.

We find dinner at the York hotel just as good as it used to be in days of yore; and having done justice to the good fare, we stroll out in the evening to catch a glimpse of the new town which has sprung so gorgeously into being since the days when we were young. We climb to the top of Clifton-hill, and thence to the Royal York Crescent, of which we had heard a great deal, and

which certainly does command one of the finest inland views in the kingdom. Hence it is but a short distance into Victoria-square, a most noble area graced with superb structures, reminding us of some of the western suburbs of London. On through Buckingham-place, and down the Clifton-road, and there is the noble pile of the Victoria Rooms, by far the handsomest and most pretentious erection we have yet seen. It is evidently built upon the model of some Greek temple. The principal entrance is under a portico of Corinthian columns, the pediment above being adorned with sculpture; the front is approached by a broad and handsome flight of steps, but there is a carriage drive which runs under the portico, for the convenience of guests alighting in rainy weather. It contains many splendid apartments, the largest of which, the hall, is 115 feet long by 55 wide. The Victoria Rooms, it is said, have completely superseded the old assembly rooms of the city. Proceeding down the road towards Bristol, we are struck with two fine buildings on the left of the road near the top of Park-street. These are the Blind Asylum and the Bishop's College. Both are splendid erections, though in different styles of architecture; and being thrown back considerably from the carriage-way, and fronted with neat gardens, and backed by a rising ground crowned with foliage, they present a truly noble appearance. At the Blind Asylum there are periodical concerts by blind performers, to which the public are freely admitted. But the sun is already on the verge of the horizon, and we must get back to our inn; so we return again along Berkley-place in the twilight, and skirting the strangers' burial-place—a melancholy and romantic spot—then traversing Clifton Hill and descending Clifton Vale, we are glad to welcome the repose of an easy chair, and the refreshment which "mine host" is ever ready to supply.

Next morning, after an early breakfast, we take a leisurely ramble along the water's edge, and watch the departure of the vessels down the river. Here is a little steamer starting for Chepstow, her decks crowded with tourists and holiday folks bent upon a visit to the old castle where Henry Marten, the regicide, ended his days, whose manifold epitaph, written by himself, and an acrostic of his name, are yet to be seen in the old church, though his bones have been turned out of the chancel where they formerly rested. From Chepstow these holiday tourists will proceed to Tintern Abbey, where they may wander at will among the picturesque memorials of a monkish age; and afterwards, without a doubt, they will ascend to the summit of the Wynd Cliff and revel in the glories of a prospect which has not its equal in Britain, or perhaps anywhere on this side of the Rhine. Yonder goes a little screw-steamer bound for Portishead, with a party of ladies and gentlemen on board, headed by a fellow in a sandy-coloured jacket and a ragged wide-awake, playing the harp. And now comes a vessel of enormous bulk, dashing her ponderous paddles rather cautiously into the liquid mud, and eclipsing the landscape with the black volume of smoke from her chimney, as she picks her wary passage through the narrow channel. She is bound for Ireland, and will paw away with her paddles at a very different rate

when she has left the Avon behind her, and has sea-room to move in. She is no sooner out of sight than a tall merchantman, drawn by a couple of miniature steam-tugs, not much longer than an Oxford wherry, moves majestically into her place. She is returned from a long voyage, and we gather from the dark lank figures of the Lascars upon her deck, that she is laden with the produce of the East. Hallo! there, look out! Crack goes her bowsprit against the yards of a vessel lying at anchor, and smash! go her bulwarks, crashing and rending amidst a torrent of outcries in Tamul and Hindostanee, and the hoarse exclamation of the pilot in undeniable English. Never mind, 'tis but a trifle for the underwriters, and such bagatelles in the narrow mouth of the Avon are of too frequent occurrence to arouse much attention. But we must leave this exciting scene, having resolved to spend an hour or two in a solitary ramble in Leigh woods, ere we bid farewell to Clifton.

Leigh woods, as the reader already knows, lie on the other side of the river, and therefore we must cross over in the boat at Rownham ferry. We have plenty of companions in this short voyage. There are a brace of artists with their portfolios under their arms, and their tin paint boxes rattling in their side-pockets: there are pic-nic parties of the humbler sort, with well-filled baskets of "grog:" there are market-women, with their empty panniers, and it is to be hoped full pockets, returning to their dairies and gardens.

But now we are over, and there is something better than the living cargo of the boat to look at. It is here, after all, that one gets the finest view of Clifton, which, pile upon pile, seems hung aloft upon the edge of the rock, like a fairy vision of terraces and gardens intermingled. Looking towards Bristol, the scene, though totally different, is scarcely less striking, and we are not slow to recognise the originals of many noble pictures we have encountered in the exhibitions in London, as we turn to gaze in various directions. But Leigh woods are waving above us; and following the towing track by the side of the river for a short space, we strike into a path which leads into Nightingale Valley, a real English "Vallombrosa," dark with excess of overshadowing crags and foliage. This exquisite ravine is the favourite resort of poets, painters, and lovers of the pensive and the romantic. It is not exactly the place for rapid motion: the ground is rough with the inter-twisted roots of trees, and the ascent is too steep and abrupt for haste. On reaching the top, we emerge upon an open space, part of an ancient Roman fortification, the entrenchments of which are still distinctly traceable. We dive again into the wood; and following the steps of a young artist, enter at length upon a wild, rugged, and shadowy dell, where our unconscious guide incontinently pitches his camp-stool and sets to work. He has chosen an admirable subject: an angry-looking oak grapples a moss-covered rock in the serpent-like coils of his spreading roots, and lifts into the sunlight his light-green top, through which an angular threatening limb, thunder-struck and leafless, rears its fantastic form. Behind are dense masses of dark green, varied with black trunk lines, and the foreground of the picture, wrapped in cool

shadows, is yet spotted with lively green and sober grey in alternate patches. The sight of our friend of the brush in the pursuit of his profession recalls to mind the many noble artists whom Bristol has sent forth to delight and instruct the world; and we cease to wonder that the old city has produced so many, while wandering amidst such scenes as these. It is impossible, by mere words, to do justice to scenery of the description which these woods present to the view. Landscapes in print are invariably failures, and we have no intention just now of adding another to the list. Leigh woods, properly speaking, do not extend a mile down the river, and it would appear that they too are doomed in time to be blown up with gunpowder, since in one direction the demolition has already commenced. The traveller will find the means of refreshment at a pleasantly situated tea-garden by the water-side, about a mile from the river; and the walk homewards by the towing-path will afford him another magnificent view of St. Vincent's rocks, and the grand approach to the port of Bristol.

Here ends our excursion. We should have liked, had space permitted, to have conducted the stranger to the picture-gallery at Leigh Court, the property of W. Miles, esq., M.P.; but our time is up; we can only recommend him to see it for himself. We turn our back very reluctantly upon this delightful spot, and with a growing conviction that it is a place to dwell in, rather than to visit for a day or two. As we wend our way homewards, we cannot help silently summing up its advantages as a place of permanent residence. It is the abode of health, and the resort of good society; it is the centre of the romantic and the picturesque; it is plentifully supplied with all that man can desire; the painter, the poet, the scholar, the naturalist, and the antiquarian, may here all assemble together, and each one upon a spot eminently adapted to the gratification of his own predilections. It is situated but twenty minutes' distance from Bath, an hour and a half from Cheltenham, three hours from London, and not more than that from the heart of Wales. Add to all this, that it has a vast city lying at his feet, where the strife of human energy and human passion are in continual action, and where the philosopher who deems that "the proper study of mankind is man," may contemplate the character of his fellows under all the varying influences of wealth and poverty—of profound knowledge and the darkest ignorance.

. The next number will contain a sketch of RAMSGATE, accompanied by an appropriate engraving.

OUR TWO FRIENDS.

WE were married—how many years ago is of no particular consequence; we were married, and it was in the month of May. I have a vivid and pleasant remembrance of that day. Very natural this, you will say. I did not sleep soundly the night before. I have been told that condemned criminals generally sleep heavily the night before their execution; but I was going to be married, and not executed, and I was not a condemned criminal. That made all the difference. There were three other reasons for my not sleeping well that night. For

one thing, I never do sleep soundly in a strange bedroom; for another, I am always restless at night when every thing around me is quiet; and, thirdly, a day's travelling is often succeeded, with me, by an uneasy night.

Now, my house was in London—busy, bustling, noisy London; and, at that time of my life, I always calculated upon being lulled to sleep by the rattling of coaches and cabs, and the confused murmuring of voices, from the streets below: and as, on this particular night, my dormitory was in a country village, where, after nine o'clock, all around was in profound silence, I could not sleep because of the awful quiet. Then I had travelled fifty miles the day before, for the express purpose of being married the day after, and that discomposed me. Lastly, I was in a strange bedroom, in the house of the father of my bride-elect. I had never before slept in that room; and that, in itself, was reason enough for an uncomfortable night.

So I rose early. It was a glorious May morning. The wind, what there was of it, was due south, warm and perfumed with the breath of early flowers. The barometer was at "set fair;" not a cloud was to be seen from horizon to zenith, north, south, east, or west; and, as I stepped out into the pretty garden, I muttered to myself, very complacently:—"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on." It was all nonsense I knew; but I couldn't help being pleased with the coincidence.

I had not taken many turns in the garden before I was accosted by a fair young—rather elderly young—lady. I did not know her; but she kindly introduced herself to me as the friend of my dear Mary. She had come "all the way down from London," she said, "a week ago, to assist in the bridal arrangements and performances."

I bowed, and expressed my gratitude for her kindness.

She had had a bad headache the night before, she explained, and had retired when I arrived, so she could not be introduced to me then; but "that was of no consequence, was it?"

None at all, I said. I was glad to make such an acquaintance, so unceremoniously. My fair friend's headache had departed, I ventured to hope.

O yes, quite: and she had risen early to gather flowers for bouquets: wouldn't I help her? she playfully asked.

To be sure I would, and I did.

"We shall be near neighbours in London," said my new acquaintance; "and dear Mary and I shall be so friendly. I shall come and see her very often when you are in your office."

I bowed again, and hoped that she would.

"She will be so lonely, poor thing!" said she.

"Oh, I hope not," said I, with a start of surprise. I had never before thought of the possibility of this; and I could not at once digest the idea. *So lonely, poor thing!* I looked askance at Mary's bridesmaid that was to be, and thought her hard-featured and disagreeable. I did not say so, of course; but went on gathering flowers in silence. I had by this time remembered that Mary had written to me about a dear friend and constant correspondent of hers—Miss Brown by name—who kept her brother's house in London; and had asked me to call on her, which I had never done. This was Miss Brown then.

So lonely, poor thing! ahem! I wished Miss Brown had not said *that*. It made me nervous.

However that passed off, and breakfast passed off too, as wedding-day breakfasts usually do; and we went, in due time, to church and were married. That is, Mary and I were married—not Miss Brown.

The bells struck up a merry peal as we left the church porch on our way outwards: and my first step into the open air, as a husband, was on a carpet of flowers with which the churchyard path had been strewed, according to the custom of the village. A pretty custom, I thought it, and think so still—emblematical of the good wishes which should attend every new-married couple: “May your pathway through life be strewed with flowers!”

And talking about wishes, I cannot forbear transcribing here a stanza or two which Mary and I received on that happy day from my very dear sister, who would have been at the wedding had she been able to leave home. She called the lines—

“A BRIDAL SONG.

“If cloudless skies, and breezes fair,
And verdant paths, bestrew’d with flowers,
And all that earth has, rich and rare,
May last a life-time—be they yours!
But vain the wish! A needful part
The winter’s tempest must perform:
I will but ask that hope and heart
May rise unscathed from every storm.

“If many a dark and rugged way
Should lend the weary exiles home,
May hope still lend a cheering ray,
And love grow brighter through the gloom!
Though many a wish be unfulfill’d,
And many an anchor insecure,
May steadfast trust, and love unchill’d,
Still to the end of life endure!

“May many a bright path lie before you,
And many a blue sky spread above!
May peace around, and sunshine o’er you,
More closely draw the bonds of love!
May every parting joy entwine
A sparkling wreath for memory’s brow!
And may life’s sunset calmly shine
On hearts as warm and light as now!

“Through every path of life untried,
Or rough or smooth, or long or short,
Be still a FATHER’S hand your guide,
A FATHER’S love your firm support!
And when—life’s cares and pleasures ended—
The parting hour at length shall come,
May love and hope, still sweetly blended,
Point to a better life AT HOME.”

I thought this much more to the purpose than Miss Brown’s—“She will be so lonely, poor thing!” and Mary thought so too, when I repeated what her friend had said.

Well, we were married; and I pass over the remainder of the wedding-day. I pass over, likewise, the honeymoon, which we spent at a pretty little seaside place which had not then become fashionable—the more the pity that it has now, I think; but that is nothing to the purpose. In due time we reached home, and the next morning found me once more in my office. Miss Brown, who had, of course, been the companion of our excursion, was to remain with Mary two or three weeks after our return. I had no objection to

this; if it would keep my dear little wife from being “lonely, poor thing,” Miss Brown was very welcome to stay with us as many months, though I cannot say that I admired Mary’s taste in friendship, whatever I thought of it in matrimony. I remember wondering, however, what Miss Brown’s brother would do so long a time without his housekeeper, but this was plainly no concern of mine.

I had given my dear Mary full permission to make what alteration she thought fit in our home, though, in my heart, I had perhaps fancied that she would not find it necessary to make any, for I had rather prided myself, in my bachelor days, on the conveniences of my house, considering it was not by any means a large one, and in the excellence of its arrangements. At least, I knew that I had spent quite as much money as I could spare—and rather more, at times—on these matters. I really thought, too, in my simplicity, that I had some taste that way. But I soon found how utterly I had been mistaken. Almost the first leisure day after we were “settled down,” on my stepping into my bedroom to wash my hands, I found myself in a state of bewilderment. I half thought I must have got into the wrong room. Every bit of furniture seemed to have danced out of its place, and found for itself a place somewhere else. The bed was shifted, chairs were shifted, drawers were shifted, washing-stand was shifted, pictures on the walls were shifted, looking-glass was shifted, much to my discomfort the next morning when I tried to shave before it; in short, everything was shifted. I contrived to wash my hands, however, and found my way into the sitting-room.

Dear Mary looked so pleased that I could not find it in my heart to say that she had bestowed much labour “with much pains, and little or no meaning,” especially when she asked, with such a happy smile, “What do you think of our day’s work, Philip?”

I had no doubt I should like the alterations, I said—when I got used to them.

Poor Mary looked rather disappointed: “I thought you would be sure to like them at once, dear; Miss Brown has such a good taste, and she could not bear the room as it was before.”

I could not help biting my lip a little at this, just to keep me from muttering something impolite towards Miss Brown, instead of saying, as I did, “Miss Brown is very kind, my dear.”

Well, this was only the beginning of it. The next day I was told, on the authority of Miss Brown, that the paper hanging on our drawing-room walls was very unsuitable and unpretty—ugly, in fact, but my dear little wife could not bring herself to use that word; and that Miss Brown had been kind enough to look out another paper, just to her taste, which—would I have put up? Miss Brown had such an excellent taste in paper-hangings! I demurred a little; but I could not withstand dear Mary’s bewitching tones of entreaty—especially as I had that day been put in possession of her dower of five hundred pounds. This, I confess, had put me in good humour, and I thought it hard not to show some indulgence to her fancies. But were they hers? Not at all. They were her dear friend, Miss Brown’s—there

was the rub. However, the end of it was that the old paper hanging—no, not old, for it had been put up only six months before—was ruthlessly torn down, and the new put up, amidst all the inconveniences and dirtiness of this particular household nuisance, just to please, not my wife, so much as her dear friend.

Another day I had to listen to complaints of certain chintz hangings, which ought most decidedly to be exchanged for moreen; and of moreen curtains, which as decidedly ought to be damask; of the sitting-room grate, which was not a register, and of the kitchen range, which was dreadfully incomplete and imperfect; so Miss Brown had said.

"But, dearest Mary, what do *you* yourself think and wish?" I ventured to ask. Well, she did not know so much about these things, and had not such taste as Miss Brown;—so if I would— And so I did; but I cannot say that I was sorry when Miss Brown's two or three weeks—extended to six, however—were past and gone, and her visit was ended.

"Now," thought I, as I returned from her brother's house, whither I had, with great pleasure, escorted her that last evening—"now, what a happy time I shall have with dear Mary; how snug and quiet we shall be!" And I was not sorry that the near neighbourhood of which Mary's dear friend had spoken included a space between us of three miles of street; sufficient, I thought, to prevent any further very constant intermeddling with our private affairs. But I reckoned without my host. A weekly interchange of visits, at the very lowest computation, was thereafter to be kept up; so that my quiet evenings at home were reduced by at least one-third of their proper number, to say nothing of long walks after office hours in all sorts of London weather, either to bring home my wife from Miss Brown's, or to take home Miss Brown. I began to wish that our good friend lived either nearer or farther off still.

But this was not the worst. Miss Brown had constituted herself Mary's adviser; and advise she would. And her advice had to be followed too. Now a servant must be got rid of, a good old creature who had served me faithfully many years before I was married—because she was afflicted with partial deafness, and Miss Brown, pitying her poor friend for having so inefficient a help, volunteered her services in finding a better.

At another time, my dear Mary was persuaded by her friend to think that she *must* add another servant to our establishment. She had never before thought of this necessity, I am sure; but when Miss Brown pathetically set before her the hardship she must necessarily endure in having *only* a housemaid and a cook, dear Mary wondered that she had never thought of it before.

In process of time—say four or five years—there were a little Philip and a little Mary; and Miss Brown was all in her glory. She knew all about children, infants especially, dear little innocents! and nothing would do but she must superintend every nursery arrangement, from the first dose of—well, never mind what—to the teaching of b-a, ba; b-e, be. I did not know that I should not have to yield up the naming of the poor little things to Miss Brown's superior taste; she pro-

tested loudly against the barbarity and vulgarity of such names as Philip and Mary; she could not bear the conjunction, it put her in mind of Smithfield and its martyr fires; and she did not like them apart. Philip was such an odd name, and so uncommon; and Mary was such a common name, every family had a Mary in it. But in this matter I found an unexpected ally in my own Mary; and so, for the first time, Miss Brown found herself in a minority of one.

To make amends for this defection, however, my dear little wife gave up everything else to her friend's guidance, and Miss Brown was the supreme arbitress. Tops and bottoms, arrow-root, long clothes, short clothes, hot water baths, cold water baths, leading strings, and physic; in short, it did not matter what, it was always, "What will Miss Brown say? We must consult Miss Brown."

Now, if any of my fair readers begin to set me down as a disagreeable old fellow—not so very old either—to be proclaiming in this sort of way the amiable weakness of my young wife, I have only to say, that Mary herself does not think so of me, and that she gives me *carte blanche* to write what I please. She says, and I entirely believe her, that there are so many Miss Browns in the world, and so many newly married Marys, that nobody will know where to look for the right ones, so she and her friend are safe. And she says, too, bless her! that a little good-tempered writing, such as mine—think of that now!—may—well, I won't say what. I have got my story to finish.

I sha'n't write another word to expose my dear little wife. I have faults enough of my own.

Talk about family advisers as domestic nuisances—there was *my* friend Sam Riley, who was as much "a rock a-head" in the way of our domestic happiness, as ever Miss Brown had been. If Miss Brown was dear Mary's "Mother Superior," Sam was my "Father Confessor," and no good came of that, you may be sure, dear reader. I don't mean to say that Sam Riley was a bad fellow, or that he abused my confidence. I mean to say only this, that he made me discontented with my home, dragged me away from it, monopolized the time which I ought to have given to my wife, and, worse than this, kept me from making her my bosom counsellor.

Sam was about my own age; we had been schoolfellows, had started in life at about the same time, and lived near each other. He was not married: he had a queer way of railing at matrimony, good-humouredly in appearance, but spitefully at heart. Before I was married, we had lived on familiar, no-ceremony sort of terms; and I took upon me to assure him that my change of life need make no difference to him in this respect. But Sam knew better than that; and, except that he paid a complimentary visit or two to my wife, he rarely entered our doors.

"I tell you what it is, Phil," he said; "a husband's friend is never sure of a welcome, and I don't want to run the risk of cold looks, and the cold shoulder; but there's my house, now, stands where it did, and no one to say you nay. Liberty hall, you know, and bachelor's commons. I shall see you by and by, in the old fashion, Phil."

This was only a week or two after my return from our wedding tour. I laughed at Sam, told

him that he envied me, and exhorted him to follow my example. He retorted with the fable of the fox who had lost his tail; and so the matter ended. But no, it did not end there. Three months, it might be perhaps four, after our marriage, I went home from the office, jaded and vexed. I had had enough to vex me; what it was is no matter. As I entered the little hall, I heard merry voices upstairs. One of them was Mary's.

"Who is with your mistress?" I asked of the new servant, who had taken, a day or two before, the place of my faithful old deaf Sarah.

"Miss Brown, sir."

Miss Brown! always Miss Brown; I thought as much; and there she will sit till nine o'clock, or ten perhaps, and then I shall have to bear her home; and all that time I shall not have the chance of saying a word to dear Mary, but Miss Brown must hear it. All this I thought. I did not say it.

"Tell your mistress I am going out, and shall not be home till late," I said; and I shut the door louder than I need have done, and went to Sam Riley's. That was the beginning of troubles—foolish jealousies on both sides, and estrangements. And yet, I suppose, my dear little wife and I seemed to live as happily together as nine married couples out of every ten. Alas! perhaps we did as we seemed: the more the pity if it were so. I only know that, five years after our marriage, we had each a will and a way of our own; and that our matrimonial duets too often ran in this way:—

"I may thank Mr. Riley for that, I suppose, Philip?"

"There spoke Miss Brown, I suppose, Mary."

"You have no confidence in me, Philip: what have I done that everything is to be kept from me in this way? It is all the fault of that Riley, I know."

"You treat me as if I were not the master of my own house and servants, and the father of my own children, Mary. I don't deserve this of you; but it will never be otherwise while that Miss Brown is everlastingly at your ear."

"I wish that Mr. Riley lived a hundred miles off."

"I wish I had never seen that Miss Brown!"

One evening, I went home earlier than usual, and Mary was alone. The children were in bed.

"Philip, dear," said my wife, very timidly and very tenderly. I looked towards her, and saw that she had been crying; tears were still in her eyes, and some old letters lay in a heap before her.

"Philip, dear Philip, are you going out this evening?"

"I thought of it, Mary; but as you are alone—no."

"Thank you, dear, dear husband. I want to speak to you . . . These are your letters, dear Philip: I have been looking them over."

"Better burn them, Mary. I dare say there are some very foolish things in them."

"Perhaps you have destroyed mine, dear; but —"

"Destroyed them, Mary? them! No, I wouldn't part with them for their weight in gold."

Mary burst into glad tears. "Thank you, Philip, for that word. And I wouldn't part with

yours for — but we needn't set a value on them, for I suppose nobody would buy them. But, dear Philip, I am so glad—and so sorry."

"Sorry, dear Mary? what has put you into this strange mood this evening?"

Mary answered me by putting the bridal song into my hand. It had been carefully preserved with my old love-letters.

Why waste words about it? Are there not passages in life too sacred, some treasured recollections too precious, to be revealed? That evening, Mary and I renewed our vows—began a new life.

It was a week afterwards that as I met Mary at that dear fireside, I could see by her looks that a secret was on the point of breaking out. I had a secret too.

"What do you think? guess, Philip dear."

"What do *you* think? guess, dear Mary."

"A fair exchange is no robbery," Philip; secret for secret; yours for mine, and mine for yours."

"Agreed. Sam Riley is going to—"

"Be married!"

"No."

"Yes! I say, yes."

"No—is going to York; he has bought a practice there; and is off next week, and joy go with him!"

Mary clapped her little white hands, and broke into a merry gleeful laugh:—"And something else with him, Philip: guess, now do guess."

"Not a wife? you don't mean that? Who?"

"Miss Brown—that dear old plague. She has been here to-day, and told me all about it." And Mary clapped her hands again:—"I am so glad. She will make such a good wife, and we shall lose our friends, you yours, and I mine, without quarrelling with them."

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN GARDINER.

WHERE is thy triumph, death? To human eyes
Thy victory is seen upon that strand
Where Gardiner rests with his devoted band,
Beneath the stars of dreary southern skies.
No friend was near to mark his latest sighs,
When famine crush'd him with a slow stern hand,
Nor suffer'd him to plant upon the land
That Saviour's cross for whose dear sake he dies.
Has death then triumph'd? Ask the winds, that here
Along the deep the voice of praise and prayer;
And ask the loud waves on the sounding shore;
And read his own last records pencil'd there;
And every wind and wave in answer saith,
"Christ, in his servant, here hath conquer'd death!"

S. M.

GENTLE WORDS.

Use gentle words, for who can tell
The blessings they impart?
How oft they fall (as manna fell)
On some nigh fainting heart!

In lonely wilds by light wing'd birds
Rare seeds have oft been sown;
And hope has sprung from gentle words
Where only griefs had grown.